THE SATIRIST:

In IMITATION of

The Fourth SATIRE

OF

The First Book of *HORACE.*

Horatius (Q.F.) [Sat. — Parodies. — English]

Fœnum habet in Cornu; longè fuge; dummodo riſum
Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcet Amico.

DUBLIN:

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Horatij Flacci Sermonum

Liber Primus, Satira Quarta.

1 *EUpolis, atque Cratinus, Ariſtophaneſque Poeta,*
Atque alij, quorum Comœdia priſca Virorum eſt:
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quod malus, aut fur:
Quod Mœchus foret, aut Sicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus, magna cum libertate notabant.

2 *Hinc omnis pendet Lucilius, hoſce ſequutus,*
Mutatis tantum pedibus numeriſque, facetus;
Emunctæ Naris, durus componere verſus.
Namque fuit vitioſus: in hora ſæpe ducentos,
Ut Magnum, verſus dictabat, ſtans pede in uno.

3 *Garrulus, atque piger ſcribendi ferre laborem,*
Scribendi recte: nam ut Multum, nil moror.

The Fourth SATIRE OF The First Book of *HORACE* IMITATED.

1 WHEN awful *Johnſon* on th' improving Stage
With comic Humour laſh'd the vitious Age;
When the ſtrong Scene of *Wycherley* was fear'd,
And *Congreve*'s pointed Wit by Fools rever'd;
No Vice or Folly did their Satire ſpare,
But drew the Knave and Blockhead as they were;
Aw'd by no Fear, expecting no Reward,
Laſh'd the rich Villain, or the courtly Lord.
2 From comic Scenes, the Proſe tranſvers'd to Rymes,
Our modern Sat'riſts would inſtruct the Times;
Tho' Envious, Dull, tho' dull wou'd Wits commence,
Well ſtor'd with Gall, tho' deſtitute of Senſe:
They place their Virtue in a ready Thought,
And write a Satire —— while you turn about.
3 By writing much, no Mortal can excel,
But all the Praiſe conſiſts in writing Well.

4 *Ecce*
Criſpinus minimo me provocat: Accipe, ſi vis,
Accipe jam Tabulas; detur nobis locus, hora,
Cuſtodes: videamus, uter quis ſcribere poſſit.
5 *Dij bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque puſilli*
Finxerunt Animi raro & perpauca loquentis.
6 *At tu concluſas hircinis follibus auras*
Uſque laborantes, dum ferrum molliat ignis,
Ut mavis, imitare.

7 *Beatus Fannius, ultrò*
Dilatis capſis & imagine, quum mea nemo
Scripta legat vulgo recitare timentis, ob hanc rem,
Quod ſunt, quos genus hoc minime juvat, utpote plures
Culpari dignos. Quemvis media erue turba.

8 *Aut ob Avaritiam.*

From a quick Thought firſt roſe poor *Ralpho*'s Hope
To equal *Milton*, or to rival *Pope*.
" 4 Give me, He cries, Give each of us a Ream,
" Propoſe yourſelf the Place, the Time, the Theme;
" Let either have his Guard; for all your Boaſt
" We now ſhall ſee, Sir, who can write the *moſt*:
5 How happy *Pope*, who, of leſs daring Mind,
His Words to Thought, His Thought to Senſe confin'd!
6 But you, O R——*ph*, with bolder Genius fraught,
Uncurb'd by Senſe, plunge on without a Thought,
'Till like big Bellows thy ſwol'n Muſe we find
Puff, Roar, and be deliver'd of her Wind.
7 Thrice bleſs'd the Man the Laureat of our Iſle!
Who, tho' none praiſe, can make all Readers ſmile:
While *Pope* has no ſuch Talent to engage;
Few but run haſty o'er his manly Page,
Trembling they know ſome Vice or Folly ſhewn,
Half dead with Fear, they dread it is their own;
For gen'ral Satire will all Vices fit,
And ev'ry Fool or Knave will think he's hit.
8 Deſcribe the Knight by Love of Riches won,
No more you wound Sir *G*——*lb*——*t*, but Sir *J*——*n*.

9 *Aut ambitione laborat.*

10 *Hic nuptarum insanit Amoribus.*

11 *Hic Puerorum.*

12 *Hunc capit argenti splendor.*

13 *Omnes*

Paint a Court Pimp, a Slave to Lechery,
And *Diphilus* * cries out —— by G--d that's me,
Why ſhou'd he think on him alone it bore?
What Court in *Europe* is without a Score?
Am'rous Sir *John*, juſt at the Verge of Life,
Luſts for a Whore, which Whore muſt be a Wife;
The Name of Wife will the like Charm contain
In Mercer's Spouſe, or Dame of *Drury-Lane*:
From *Ludgate-Hill* or *Bridewell* ſhou'd he take her,
Alike he's pleas'd, if thought a Cuckold-Maker:
Thus Old Sir *John* —— Sir Fopling Young and Gay,
Pride of the *Mall*, and Splendor of the Play,
Burns with as hot a Flame; but more uncommon,
His Taſte is too refin'd to love a Woman:
Hint that a Brace of Lovers *Fulvia* keeps;
For Fear ſhe is betray'd poor *Saintly* weeps:
Tell how *Ruſina* dines: She dines in State,
The Side-Board loaded with the maſſy Plate,
And Fifty unpaid Tradeſmen at her Gate.
Each Quadrille Lady trembles far and near,
From *Hyde-Park Corner* down to *Temple-Bar*.

* *A Character in* Achilles.

13 *Omnes hi metiuunt versus, odere Poetas.*

14 *Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge.*

15 *Dummodo risum*
Excutiat sibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico
Et quodcunque semel chartis illeverit, omnes
Gestiet a furno redeuntes scire latuque,
Et pueros, & anus.

16 *Agedum pauca accipe contrà;*
Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse Poetas,
Excerpam numero.

17 *Neque enim concludere versum*
Dixeris esse satis: neque, si quis scribat uti nos,
Sermoni propriora, putes hunc esse Poetam.
18 *Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os*
Magna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus Honorem.

19 *Idcirco*

13 Satire, to theſe, is monſtrouſly ill-bred;
They wiſely damn the Poet that they dread.
14 " Fly, Fly, *Avaunt*;---He comes, a Poet comes,
" Fierce roll his Eye-balls, at his Mouth he foams;
" He's mad---15 He cares not whom he may offend,
" Nor will he loſe his Joke to ſpare his Friend:
" Satire he writes, which ever he repeats
" At Court, in Park, at Church, or in the Streets:
" All, all muſt give their Judgment on his Verſe,
" The Peer, the Bard, the Parſon, and the Nurſe.
16 Hold, hold, my haſty Friend, nor tire your Tongue;
Vain is your Rage when all your Charge is wrong;
For Sat'riſts write in ſo untun'd a Strain,
They claim no Title to th' harmonious Train:
17 No Poet he, who Word with Word can chime,
And tag a rough proſaick Verſe with Ryme;
18 But him the Poet call, in whom combine
The noble Spirit, and the Thought Divine;
Who knows each human Paſſion to controul,
Melt the hard Heart, or fire the frozen Soul.

19 *Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne Poema*
Esset, quæsivere: quod acer spiritus, ac vis
Nec verbis, nec rebus inest; nisi quod pede certo
Differt sermoni, sermo merus.

20 *At pater ardens*
Sævit; quod meretrice nepos insanit amica:
Filius, uxorem magna cum dote recusat.

21 *Numquid Pomponius istis*
Audiret leviora, pater si viveret?
22 *Hactenus hæc. Alias justum sit, necne poema:*

24 *Nunc illud tantum quæram; meritone tibi sit*
Suspectum genus hoc scribendi.

25 *Sulcius acer*
Ambulat, & Caprius, rauci male, cumque libellis;
Magnus uterque timor latronibus.

26 *At*

19 Criticks in all Profeſſions diſagree,
But none more oft' than thoſe in Poetry:
Some grant to comick Scenes, or Satire, Praiſe,
But more deny their Title to the Bays;
Say they want Diction, want poetic Merit,
Fire in the Thought, and in the Stile a Spirit:
" There in no broken Accents Paſſion glows;
" And, only for the Name, they'd paſs for Proſe:
20 What then, Sir, do you call the *Miſer*'s * Rage?
He frets, he raves, he ſtorms, he ſhakes the Stage;
Now his loſt Hoard he mourns in plaintive Tone,
Now pours his Curſes on a ſpend-thrift Son;
21 Curſes ſo dreadful, as not more ſevere,
Arthur's mad Son, if *Arthur* liv'd, might fear.
22 Enough; I leave to *Bently* and to *Hare*,
If Comedy and Satire Poems are:
24 But as ſome ſay that they to Libels tend,
I'll only ſee if juſtly they offend. [gave)
25 With Charge 'gainſt Theft (tho' ſtol'n the Charge he
With loudly raving 'gainſt each petty Knave,

* *In* Plautus *and* Moliere.

26 *At bene si quis*
Et puris vivat manibus, contemnat utrumque.
27 *Ut sis tu similis Cœli Birrhique, latronum,*
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci. Cur metuas me?

28 *Nulla taberna meos habeat*

29 *Neque pila libellos,*
Queis manus insudet vulgi, Hermogenisque Tigelli.
30 *Non recito cuiquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus:*
Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet.

Hoarſe from the Bench, Majeſtic down the Hall,
With ſolemn Pace come *G——nſ——n* and *Du Val*:
The thronging croud obſtructs--" Here comes Sir *J--n*,"
Whores, Bullies, Pickpockets, and Gameſters run;
Each Sharper damns 'em for his empty Purſe,
And every daggled Female adds her Curſe:
26 The honeſt ſmile, ſecure in Good alone,
Nor fear their Worſhips, tho' their Worſhips frown.
27 *B--d* may be worſe than *Johnſon** 'fore a Jury,
Or chaſt *Corinna* than poor Nymph of *Drury*;
Yet why ſhou'd conſcious Fear produce Confeſſion?
Pope has no Power to bind 'em to the Seſſion:
What ſhou'd they fear? he cannot blaſt their Name,
Who only knows what's known to common Fame:
28 He in no Ale-houſe chaunts his Verſes o'er,
To tell each Porter what he knew before,
Nor laſh'd by him on 29 Bulks their Folly lies,
To teach the truant School-Boy to be wiſe.
30 So far from bold, his Modeſty offends;
He'll read but to a few, thoſe few his Friends.

* Roger Johnſon.

31 *In medio qui*

Scripta foro recitent sunt multi, quique lavantes;

32 *Suave locus voci resonat conclusus.*

33 *Inanes*

Hoc juvat, haud illud quærentes num sine sensu,
Tempore num faciant alieno.

34 *Ledere gaudes,*

Inquis, & hoc studio pravus facis.

35 *Unde petitum*

Hoc in me jacis? Est actor quis denique eorum
Vixi cum quibus?

36 *Absentem qui rodit amicum,*

Qui non defendit, alio culpante; solutos

Qui

31 " But ſome there are repeat to all they know,
" If the Place publick---they will read more low:
32 " But ſhould it be a Room, then ev'ry Note
" Will eccho ſweeter thro' a warbling Throat:
" On the firſt Day of Term, in crowded Hall,
" They'd rather read than not to read at all.

33 Theſe are your hot young Bards, ſo fond of Ryme
They never can conſult or Place or Time;
Addreſs in Verſe a Judge upon the Bench,
Or while the Biſhop prays deſcribe a Wench.

34 But *Pope* you ſay with Pleaſure flings his Darts,
And each ſo touch'd it wounds a thouſand Hearts:
They fly promiſcuous at the Good or Ill,
At War with All, he cares not whom they kill.

35 Whence, Sir, your Knowledge to the Man unknown?
That true your Charge what injur'd Friend will own,
Who with him quaffs the Heart-revealing Bowl,
Judge of his Life and Partner of his Soul?
Cou'd ſuch a Man by *Mordaunt* be approv'd,
By *Burlington* admir'd, by *Bathurſt* lov'd?

36 Who points his Sarcaſm at an abſent Friend,
Eager to cenſure, tardy to defend;

Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest, Commissa tacere
Qui nequit, hic niger est : hunc tu Romane caveto.

37 *Sæpe tribus lectis videas cœnare quaternos :*
E quibus unus avet quavis aspergere cunctos,

38 *Præter eum, qui præbet aquam : post, hunc quoque potus,*
Condita cum verax aperit præcordia Liber.

39 *Hic tibi comis, & urbanus, liberque videtur*
Infesto nigris.

40 *Ego si risi, quod ineptus*
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum,
Lividus & mordax videor tibi ?

41 *Mentio si qua*
De Capitolini furtis injecta Petilli

To raiſe a noiſy Laugh, whoſe only Aim,
Whoſe ſole Ambition is a Jeſter's Fame:
Who more than e'er he ſaw can bring to View,
Or wiſely whiſper more than e'er he knew:
Who blabs a Secret to each Fool that's near,
This, this, is He you need alone to fear.

37 Oft may you ſee at Tables of the Great
Mid 'Squires, Knights, Lords and Miniſters of State,
Some merry Wight for Mirth and Scandal known,
A laughing, ſneering, comical Buffoon.
On each Companion round who cracks his Jeſt,

38 And only ſpares my Lord, who gives the Feaſt:
But when embolden'd by the genial Glaſs,
Truth will have Vent -- and then, my Lord's an Aſs.

39 This (tho' you hate a Sat'riſt at you Soul)
You love, becauſe a pleaſing, hum'rous Droll.

40 Yet if *Pope's Balaam* laſh a knaviſh Cit,
Muſt you damn him for a *malicious* Wit?
But, modern Cenſor, ſo perverſe your Ways,
Praiſing you damn, and when you damn you praiſe:

41 Whoe'er the Crimes of *Th--pſ--n* ſhou'd rehearſe,
The Orphan's Ruin, and the Widow's Curſe,

Te coram fuerit; defendas, ut tuus est mos.
Me Capitolinus convictore usus amicoque
A puero est, causaque mea permulta rogatus
Fecit: & incolumis lator quod vivit in urbe:
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto judicium illud
Fugerit.---42 Hic nigræ succus loliginis, hæc est
Ærugo mera; quod vitium procul abfore chartis,
Atque animo prius; ut, si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud, vere promitto.

43 Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosius; hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis: 44 Insuevit pater optimus hoc me,
Ut fugerem, exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.
Cum me hortaretur, parce, frugaliter, atque
Viverem uti contentus eo, quod mi ipse parasset:
Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius? utque
Barrus inops? 45 A turpi meretricis amore
Cum deterreret, sectani dissimilis sis.
46 Ne sequerer mœchas, concessa cum Venere uti
Possem: deprensi non bella est fama Ireboni,
Aiebat. 47 Sapiens, vitatu quidque petitu
Sit melius, causas reddet tibi: mi satis est, si

With pious Care you thus the wretch defend,
" I knew him from a Boy. --- a merry Friend,
" I'm glad to ſave him, that the Laws contribute,
" Tho' faith I wonder how he 'ſcap'd the Gibbet.
42 This is like Fruits of *Sodom*, which impart
Smiles to the Face, but Poiſon to the Heart.
Pope, I wou'd ſwear, by no ſuch Vice is wrought,
Baniſh'd his Verſe, nay baniſh'd from his Thought:
43 If he for Wit or Freedom is to blame,
Indulge a Fault, he has a Right to claim.
44 His Father taught him with obſerving Eyes
To mark the Foibles that in others riſe,
And from exploded Folly to be wiſe:
He'd cry, a laviſh Mind to make him dread,
" See *W---rt---n* cringing to the Slaves he fed!
45 If he'd the Danger of the Stews expoſe;
" Beware, beware, Lord *L-----n*'s falling Noſe:
46 Or if adult'rous Luſt he'd have him ſhun,
" By *London* Jury *L---dd---l* was undone:
Then add ---47 Tho' learned Seers may ſhow more nice
" The *Path* of Virtue, and the *Road* of Vice,

Traditum ab antiquis morem ſervare, tuamque,
Dam cuſtodis eges, vitam famamque tueri
Incolumem poſſim: ſimul ac duraverit ætas
Membra animumque tuum, nabis ſine cortice.

48 *Sic me*
Formabat puerum dictis: &, ſive jubebat,
Ut facerem quid; Habes autorem, quo facias hoc.

49 *Unum ex Judicibus ſelectis objiciebat:*
Sive vetabat; An hoc honeſtum & inutile factu
Necne ſit, addubites; flagret rumore malo cum
Hic atque ille?

50 *Avidos vicinum funus ut ægros*
Exanimat, mortiſque metu ſibi parcere cogit:
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria ſæpe
Abſterrent vitijs.

51 *Ex hoc ego ſanus ab illis,*
Perniciem quacunque ferunt; mediocribus, & queis
Ignoſcas, vitijs teneor. Fortaſſis & iſtinc
Largiter abſtulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,

Conſi-

" I teach you but a willing Ear to give,
" And with paternal Honeſty to live;
" With Steadineſs your Courſe of Life to ſteer,
" Your Fame unſully'd, and your Honour clear;
" Then Old in Praiſe, lov'd by the Good and Great,
" Laugh at the Squirts of Envy and of Hate."

48 Thus wou'd the careful Father form the Youth
To early Love of Virtue and of Truth;
Thus give him Charge—" Whatever you purſue,
" Have good Authority for what you do;
" Follow ſome known good Man, your ſelf diſtruſt,
49 " As *Price* be Honeſt, and as *Raymond* Juſt:
" No Doubts of what is Evil can you have,
" When Infamy marks out the branded Knave;
50 " If a Sot's kill'd by his eight Flasks, or more,
" D** for fear of Death will drink but four:
" So by the Vice which others are undone,
" An honeſt Mind is taught that Vice to ſhun."

51 If hence, from *Vices Pope* has kept his Mind,
Errors forgive, the *Foibles* of Mankind;
He with good Nature will thoſe Errors own,
By friendly Cenſure, or Reflection ſhown;

Consilium proprium --52 Neque enim, cum lectulus, aut me
Porticus excepit, desum mihi :

53 Rectius hoc est,

Hoc faciens, vivam melius : sic dulcis amicis
Occurram. Hoc quidam non belle : numquid ego illi
Imprudens olim faciam simile?—— 54 Hæc ego mecum
Compressis agito labris. Ubi quid datur oti,
Illudo chartis.

55 Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum :

56 Cur si concedere nolis,
Multa poetarum veniat manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi. Nam multo plures sumus : ac veluti te
Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

FINIS.

52 Beneath a Tree, or on his Couch reclin'd,
He queſtions often and explores his Mind.
53 " This muſt be right—That may oblige a Friend;
" This wrong—Then ſhall I knowingly offend?"
54 Thus to his Mind is Vice or Folly brought,
And at a leiſure Hour he pens his Thought;
His Thoughts run into Verſe, by Uſe or Nature,
And this is what the Town *will* call a *Satire*.
55 Such is his Error; if you pleaſe, his Crime;
56 But if you will forbid the Uſe of Ryme,
All our enrag'd Poetic Band ſhall meet,
From Cells, from Garrets, *Grubſtreet* and the *Fleet*;
We then will preſs you ('ſcape us if you can)
Like Soldier forc'd to be a *Gentleman*:
Train you to Crambo, tho' againſt your Will,
And dubb you a *Learn'd Brother of the Quill*.

The End.

To Be Continued.